MARVEL

SOULE
DOE

003

THE WOLVERINE IS DEAD.

HIS LEGACY REMAINS.

LOGAN MET HIS END WHILE DESTROYING A REVAMPED VERSION OF THE WEAPON X PROJECT, LOCATED IN A FACILITY KNOWN AS PARADISE.

LOGAN COULD NOT ESCAPE, BUT OTHERS DID--FIVE TEST SUBJECTS, ALL GRANTED STRANGE NEW POWERS. NONE WERE EVER INTENDED TO SURVIVE OUTSIDE THE PROGRAM, AND HAVE BEEN INFUSED WITH A TICKING CLOCK IN THEIR DNA THAT WILL KILL THEM UNLESS IT CAN BE DEACTIVATED.

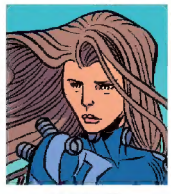
THESE LOST WEAPONS KIDNAPPED A GROUP OF FIVE OF WOLVERINE'S DEADLIEST ASSOCIATES IN THE HOPE THAT THEIR HEALING FACTORS MIGHT HOLD THE KEY TO SAVING THE TEST SUBJECTS' LIVES. THE REFUGEES FROM PARADISE HOLD SIGNIFICANT LEVERAGE OVER THE FIVE KILLERS--SECRET "CONTROL WORDS" THAT CAN MANIPULATE, SEDATE OR EVEN KILL EACH OF THEM.

MR. SINISTER HAS ESCAPED WITH THE ADAMANTIUM-COVERED BODY OF WOLVERINE, AND DAKEN'S ARM AND EYE, LEAVING THE NEWLY-MORTAL SON OF LOGAN AT DEATH'S DOOR. BOTH GROUPS NEED TO INFILTRATE MR. SINISTER'S LAIR TO LOCATE THE KEY TO THEIR SALVATION, AND HAVE UNCOVERED ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF THE PARADISE PROGRAM WHO POSSESSES THE SKILLS NEEDED FOR SUCH A DANGEROUS TASK...

PARADISE

SHOGUN

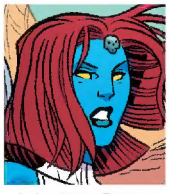
NEURO


ENDO

SKEL

JUNK

THE WOLVERINES


MYSTIQUE

SABRETOOTH

LADY DEATHSTRIKE

DAKEN

X-23

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LOS ANGELES.
THAT'S HIM--RIGHT, PEP?
I'M JUST GOING TO SAY YES, 'ELLE. IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE SOMEONE ELSE WHO WOULD LIVE LIKE THIS.
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH.
PERHAPS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ALL THE DEATHTRAPS AND GRENADES AND WIRED-UP SHOTGUNS WE NAVIGATED ON OUR WAY INTO THIS BUNKER. HE IS VERY MUCH.
I SUGGEST WE GET WHAT WE CAME HERE FOR AND LEAVE.
GREAT SUGGESTION. NOW, PERHAPS YOU CAN SUGGEST A WAY WE MIGHT DO THAT?
MM. WE MAY HAVE TO PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER ON THAT ONE, FANTOMELLE. I MEAN...

...WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE'D *SLEEP* IN IT?

I'M JUST SURPRISED HE ONLY HAS THE *ONE*, CULPEPPER.

WE SEARCHED QUITE THOROUGHLY. PERHAPS HE SPENDS ALL OF HIS MONEY ON *BULLETS*. NO MONEY LEFT OVER FOR NEW *SHIRTS*.

WHO *FROWNS* IN THEIR SLEEP? WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE DREAMS ABOUT?

HE'S THE *PUNISHER*. I THINK WE BOTH KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT HE DREAMS ABOUT.

ALL RIGHT, MOST OF THIS WILL BE ON YOU, PEP.

YOU'LL NEED TO MOVE FAST ONCE HE TAKES IT OFF. GRAB THE SHIRT, THEN BACK INTO THE AIR DUCTS. I'LL DISTRACT HIM, AND THEN I'LL FOLLOW.

HOW WILL YOU GET HIM TO TAKE IT OFF?

WAIT AND SEE.

AH. I SEE. THE FLAME ILLUSION?
MMHMM. SOMEONE WAKES UP, SEES THEIR SHIRT IS ON FIRE, THE FIRST THING THEY DO IS TAKE IT OFF. EASY.
ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS...
BANG!
THERE. HE'S UP. AND NOW, HE'LL SEE THE FLAMES AND...
...UH...
HE'LL REACH FOR HIS GUN, APPARENTLY.
WHICH IS NOT THERE, BECAUSE WE MOVED IT--
--MY, HE DOES LOOK ANGRY.
NO, IT'S OKAY. HE'S NOTICING THE FLAMES.
WHEW. FOR A MINUTE THERE, I--

HHN.
AH, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE REMOVING HIS SHIRT, 'ELLE.
I CAN SEE THAT, PEP!
WHAT IS HE DOING? WHAT ARE THOSE?
NIGHT-VISION, I THINK.
HHN.
WHO DOES THAT? WHO WAKES UP TO BEING ON FIRE AND THEN CHECKS TO SEE IF THEY'RE ACTUALLY ON FIRE?
THE PUNISHER, APPARENTLY.
SO MUCH FOR ILLUSIONS.
NEXT--?
HE'S MADE US, PEP. THIS ONE'S A BUST. UP, OUT AND AWAY, FAST AS WE CAN.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HA!
'ELLE, LOOK!
WELL...
CULPEPPER, GO!
AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND? WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT?
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
...HELLO THERE!

OOF!
GRAB--
--THE SHIRT--
--PEP!
I-- EUUGH, THE TASTE. DEAR GOD.
I HAVE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU?

THWAM
KRAK
RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
HHN.

BARCELONA, SPAIN.
HOTEL MAJESTIC. 10 AM.
THIS IS LOVELY, FANTOMELLE. I CAN SMELL THE GUNPOWDER.
I BELIEVE WHAT HE'S ACTUALLY INHALING IS EAU DE UNWASHED PSYCHOTIC, BUT EACH TO THEIR OWN.
HUSH, CULPEPPER.
IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT THE SKULL IS RED, PAOLO?
NO, NO. THE PUNISHER WORE THIS SHIRT WHILE HE WAS BRIEFLY A MEMBER OF A TEAM KNOWN AS THE THUNDERBOLTS. VERY TUMULTUOUS, ALTHOUGH IT APPARENTLY HAD ITS MOMENTS.
THIS IS A VERY RARE ITEM INDEED. ALTHOUGH...
...HMM. HARDLY PRISTINE.
IF HE'S GOING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT A FEW TEETH MARKS, TELL HIM NEXT TIME HE CAN GO GET IT HIMSELF.
YES--THE PUNISHER FIRED A SHOTGUN AT US--THOSE HOLES WERE MADE BY THE PELLETS. A VERY NEAR THING.
THAT IS WONDERFUL. THE ITEM WAS DAMAGED BY THE PUNISHER HIMSELF? THAT WILL DOUBLE THE PRICE, I'M CERTAIN OF IT.
MM.
I'LL HOLD THE ONLINE AUCTION SOON AND DEPOSIT THE PROCEEDS INTO THE USUAL ACCOUNT, LESS MY TEN PERCENT, OF COURSE.
NOW, AS FAR AS YOUR NEXT JOB--

YES, FANTOMELLE.
WHAT'S NEXT?
K-RACK!

YES. WELL. HELLO THERE.

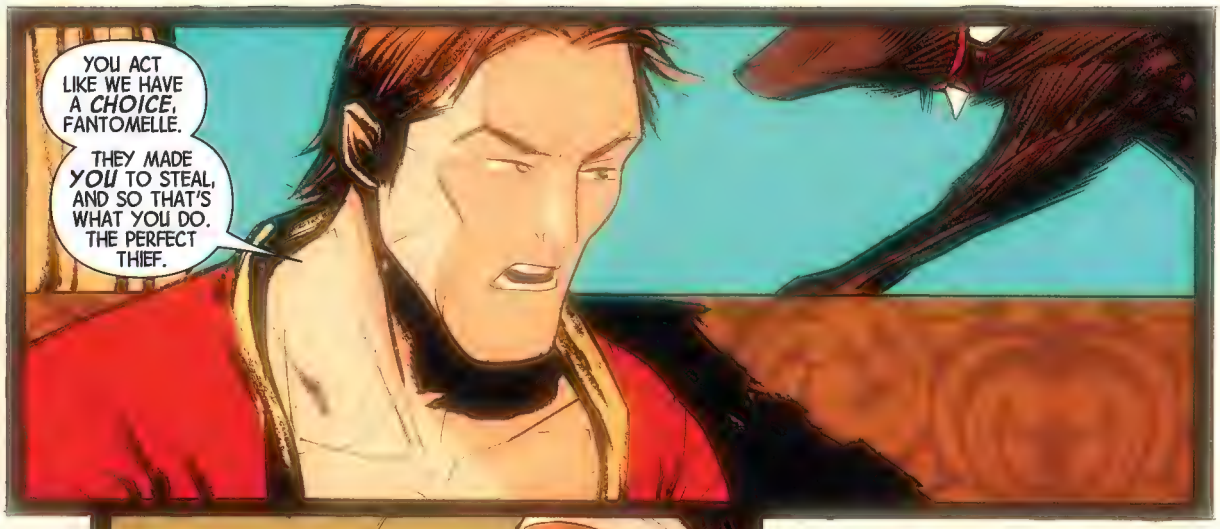
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO YOUNG PEOPLE TO IT.
FOR YOUR NEXT JOB, FANTOMELLE, MANY OPTIONS. THERE'S STILL A STANDING OFFER FOR ANY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S MANY SHIELDS.
I ALSO HAVE A REQUEST FOR AN AUTHENTIC LUKE CAGE TIARA, AND IF YOU CAN PAIR IT WITH AN IRON FIST BANDANA MASK, PREFERABLY USED, WELL...

...MARAVILLOSO.
ALSO, I HAVE A VERY WEALTHY CLIENT WHO WISHES TO GIVE HIS SON A GOBLIN GLIDER FOR HIS SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.
NO.
BUT THE RETURN COULD BE QUITE REMARKABLE, FANTOMELLE. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU CONS--
NO.

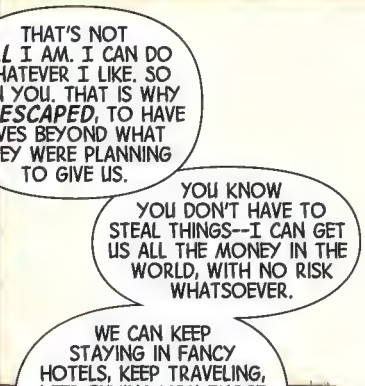
NO WEAPONS, NOTHING THAT CAN BE USED TO HURT ANYONE. I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES.
I WON'T BE A PART OF IT, PAOLO.
AS YOU WISH, SENORITA. GOOD DAY.

WHY DO YOU STILL DO THIS?

YOU DON'T LIKE THE MONEY?
I LIKE IT FINE. BUT WE DON'T NEED IT.
I CAN GET US AS MUCH AS WE NEED.
YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO DO THAT ANYMORE.
I SAID I WAS GOING TO STOP DRINKING, TOO.
I GUESS I'M NOT THAT TRUSTWORTHY.
STOP. IS THIS ALL YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE?


YOU ACT LIKE WE HAVE A *CHOICE*, FANTOMELLE.
THEY MADE *YOU* TO STEAL, AND SO THAT'S WHAT YOU DO. THE PERFECT THIEF.

A SYMPHONY OF LARCENY.

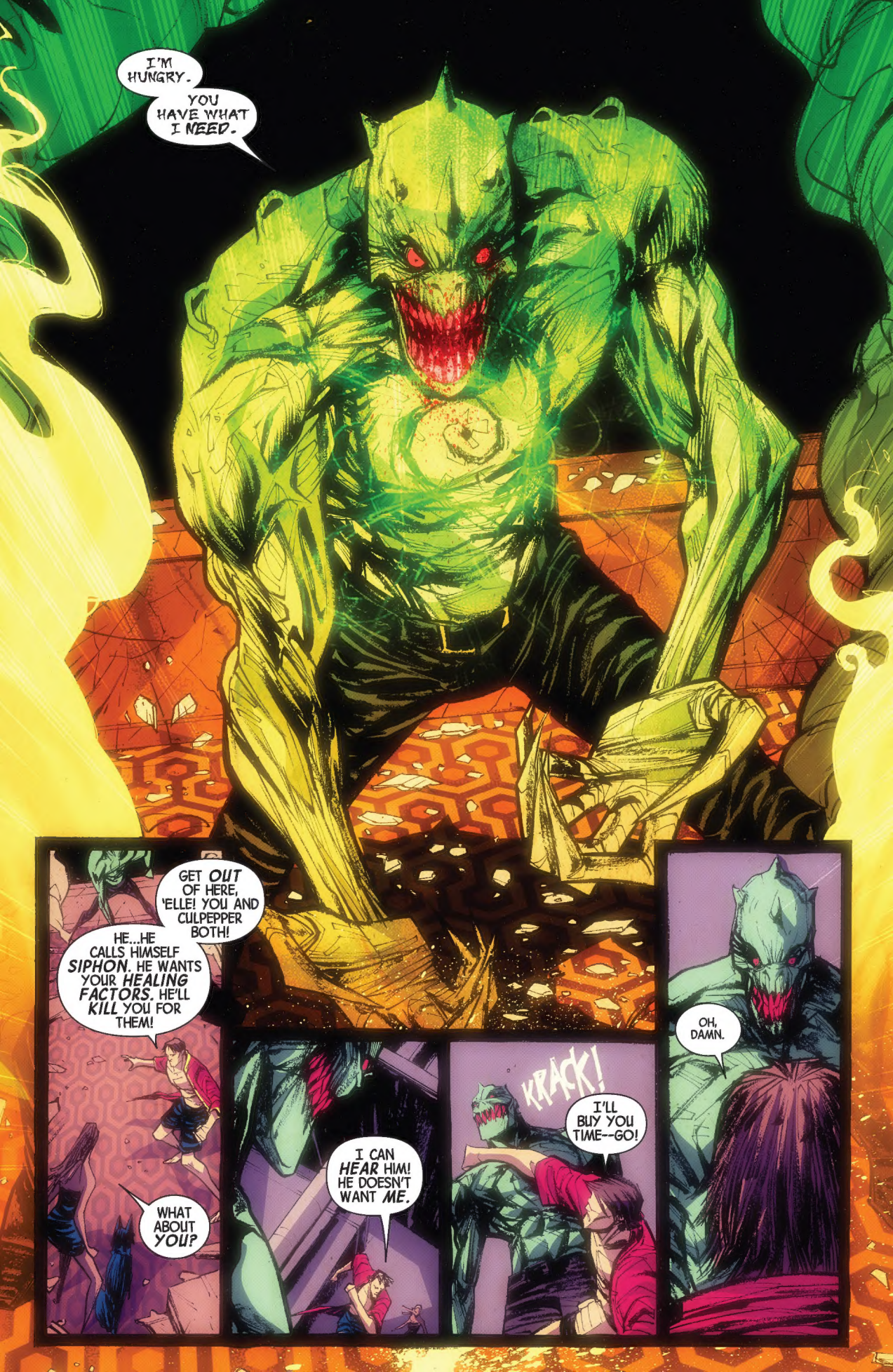

THAT'S NOT *ALL* I AM. I CAN DO WHATEVER I LIKE. SO CAN YOU. THAT IS WHY WE *ESCAPED*, TO HAVE LIVES BEYOND WHAT THEY WERE PLANNING TO GIVE US.
YOU KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO STEAL THINGS--I CAN GET US ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, WITH NO RISK WHATSOEVER.

WE CAN KEEP STAYING IN FANCY HOTELS, KEEP TRAVELING, KEEP BUYING YOU THOSE COUTURE OUTFITS YOU LIKE SO MUCH. PERFECTLY SAFE, NO DANGER AT ALL.
AND YET YOU DO IT, ANYWAY.

I STEAL BECAUSE I *LIKE* IT. IF YOU PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE, THEN WHAT MAKES YOU ANY DIFFERENT THAN THE PEOPLE AT *PARADISE?*

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU *LIKE* IT, FANTOMELLE? IT'S BECAUSE THEY *MADE* YOU TO LIKE IT!
JUST THE WAY THEY MADE ME TO... TO DO WHAT I DO.
WE'RE BOTH AS CRACKED AS THIS TABLE. AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN SOON ENOUGH?
THIS.
THMP
HUH.
YOU SEE? JUST BECAUSE WE ARE *CRACKED* DOES NOT MEAN WE HAVE TO BR--

THOWM
KRRACK
ALL RIGHT, PEP?
YOU'D KNOW IF I WASN'T. CHECK ON HIM.
ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M...WHAT HIT US? THERE'S SOMETHING...
'ELLE, YOUR ARM.
AH.
IT'S ALL RIGHT.
YOU KNOW--
--I CAN HE--
HEAL.


I'M HUNGRY.
YOU HAVE WHAT I NEED.
GET OUT OF HERE, 'ELLE! YOU AND CULPEPPER BOTH!
HE...HE CALLS HIMSELF SIPHON. HE WANTS YOUR HEALING FACTORS. HE'LL KILL YOU FOR THEM!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I CAN HEAR HIM! HE DOESN'T WANT ME.
KRACK!
I'LL BUY YOU TIME--GO!
OH, DAMN.

NNGH
NO!
THAT WAS MY ONLY FRIEND IN THE WORLD, YOU SON OF A BITCH.
YOU'LL BE WITH HIM AGAIN SOON.
ONCE YOU GIVE ME WHAT I NEED.
BLAM

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU NEED, BEAST.
SHE'S COMING WITH ME.
NEXT: BATTLE ROYALE IN BARCELONA!